



Ex-CBI Roundup

—CHINA—BURMA—INDIA—

JULY 1970





CHINESE fisherman finds perch on tree limb to try his luck near Kweilin. Note typical rock formation of the area in background. Photo from Dottie Yuen Leuba.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

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Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer

Editor

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **Cover picture.** a U.S. Air Force photo taken in January 1945, shows two men of the 1st Air Commando Group relaxing at the feet of a Burmese idol at Shwebo, Burma.

● **Remember** Chowringhee Road in Calcutta? It's Jawaharlal Nehru Road now. And Dharamtollah Street . . . it's called Lenin Sarani. But old timers there still use the names we knew during World War II, so if you're going back to Firpo's or to the Grand Hotel you'll no doubt find your way if you call it Chowringhee.

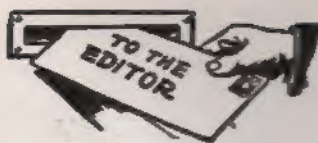
● **Ever** have occasion to say "shoo" to a camel? According to an old Rajasthani, who should know, the proper word to use is "hutt."

● **English** was once the language that held India together, but in some areas the percentage of English-speaking people has decreased noticeably. This is particularly true in South India. In Tamil Nadu, for instance, even the road signs are in Tamil and a native Indian from any other part of the country is lost as quickly as a foreigner. Likewise, in parts of Punjab all road signs are in the Gurmukhi script. Regional languages are creating a real problem.

● **Surprising** how many readers have sent us clippings about the promotion of Col. Anna Mae Hayes to brigadier general. Old CBIs just do not miss that colorful CBI shoulder patch!

● **Each year** Roundup takes a vacation in August and September, so our next issue will be October. Keep the mail coming to us in the meantime, so we won't run out of material.

JULY, 1970



J. Glenn Doyle

● J. Glenn Doyle, 64, special agent for the Hartford Insurance Group for 31 years, most of the time in Saginaw, Mich., where he retired in 1968, died July 1, 1969, at Saginaw General Hospital. He served in the Army Air Force during World War II, in the CBI Theater.

(From a newspaper clipping sent in by Wayne M. Felzke, Pottersville, Mich.)

769 Bomb Squadron

● Was a staff sergeant in the 769th Bomb Squadron, APO 493; spent three years in India; have been an employee of the U.S. Post Office Department for 32 years.

J. J. DENNEHY,
Clifton, N.J.

China Theater

● Served in the China Theater, arriving in August of 1943 and leaving in October of 1945. Was in the infantry, first with the old Y-Force and then the Chinese Combat Command.

J. HENRY WISEBRAM,
Barnesville, Ga.



POLICEMAN directs traffic in middle of street in a Bengal village. Photo by Robert H. Abney.

Chabua, 1943-45

● Was in Chabua, 1943-45. Thanks for the many years of interesting reading; and continued success.

DON W. BRENNAN,
Arcadia, Calif.

VU2ZU Announcer

● Was sports announcer on VU2ZU, the AFRS station in Calcutta, India; and now operate a cable television subscriber promotion service nationwide. My address in Denver is 2645 So. Monroe Street. Bob Spiros, formerly operating a radio station up country in Burma, now lives in Denver where he is employed by the telephone company. Gene Lyon, medic technician, formerly stationed in Calcutta at Lady Brabourne College rest camp for U.S. military, is now in Muncie, Ind. Lou Saban, coach of the Denver Broncos, is an ex-CBI lieutenant. Lou and former Indiana football teammate Billy Hillenbrand were on a basketball team in the tourney at the Monsoon Square Gardens in 1945. George Crowe, former Indiana Central College basketball star, was also there; George joined the Milwau-



RESIDENTS of Naihaiti, India, line up to stare at the man in uniform carrying a camera. Photo by Robert H. Abney.

kee Braves baseball team after leaving the service. Johnny Davis, clever boxer aboard the USS Leroy Eltinge going to India in 1945, later became third rated lightweight boxer in the world standings but had to stop fighting because of an eye injury. Johnny was in Richmond, Calif., when this happened many years ago.

MARVIN CONN,
Denver, Colo.

Assam Reminiscing

● Was with the 1080 QM Air Service Co., 44th Air Service Group, APO 487. Dinjan, Assam Valley, during 1944-46. One hot, miserable day early last summer, Milford (The Blade) Bryant of California had flown to Washington, D.C., on business. He ran up to New York City for the weekend. He phoned from a booth in Times Square . . . we talked for over an hour. We did not get together, but he was having dinner with Charlie Ferrero that night. Last August while visiting my son in Minnesota, I called one of three Richard G. Ashtons in Saint Paul. On the first shot, I had the right one. The next day, after making 100 miles in less than 1½ hours, Dick and I met at the Minneapolis International Airport. We spent most of the day reminiscing at his home. His family and mine got along great despite Dick's and my reminiscing. Anyone out here, please give a call. Only 15 miles from New York City. Be glad to put up anyone from the "HELLCATS"!!!

BERTRAND SPIOTTA,
567 S. Orange, Ave.,
South Orange, N.J.



RAILWAY employees in uniform stand beside well-maintained track as train goes by toward Ledo. Photo by Robert H. Abney.

Long Cruise Ahead

● Left Newport News on the Mauretania on 7 October 1942, a 1st Lt. of the 22nd Airways Det. Arrived Karachi 1 December (made captain en route). From Karachi to Gaya, India, where I served several months as commanding officer. Original unit was composed of 53 enlisted men and four officers. Left Gaya for an assignment on "Uncle Joe" Stilwell's staff as assistant theater provost marshal with headquarters at Kunming (later Kweilin). Promoted to major on 4 August 1944. Left China via Bombay, India; Australia, New Caledonia on 15 December 1944. Retired 1 April 1964. Sold real estate at Oakland, Calif., until 1 December 1969. At present I am temporarily at Cambridge, Md. (405 Leonards Lane). Am planning to buy a boat (a 45-ft. twin diesel) and spend the next 5 or 10 (?)

years traveling from stem to stern. I have a Caribbean cruise planned through the "Greater and Lesser" Antilles for next winter and from there to?? Would be pleased to hear from CBIers at address given above.

GERALD BAUMGARDNER,
Lt. Col. USAF (Ret.),
Cambridge, Md. 21613

Morris Brodis

● Morris Brodis, 44, co-founder and president of the Herbert Arthur Morris Advertising Agency in Manhattan, died May 20, 1970, of cancer at Trafalgar Hospital, New York. Brodis was awarded the Bronze Star during World War II, when he served in the Army in the CBI theater. He was a licensed small airplane pilot, and an accomplished amateur painter. His wife and three sons survive.

(From a Newsday clipping submitted by Walter Pwtlowany, Hicksville, L.I., N.Y.)

Long-Gone Days

● Received Ex-CBI Roundup yesterday and as usual it brought back old memories of our long-gone days in CBI. As one of our readers stated in a letter, it doesn't seem possible that 25 years have gone by since I was at King George Docks and Camp Togo, Calcutta, with the 327th Harbor Craft Company. Roundup has a knack of stirring up the old nostalgias like no other publication can, and it is quite satisfying to realize that we do have a magazine that ties all of us old CBIers together into one big family and helps us re-live the WW2 and CBI days over again. I find the obituary notices rather discouraging, but I suppose it is inevitable that some of the members have to go as none of us are getting any younger.

HOWARD B. GORMAN,
Twain Harte, Calif.



MRS. DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER was among the distinguished guests who attended the ceremony June 11 in which Col. Anna Mae Hayes (left), Director of the Army Nurse Corps, and Col. Elizabeth P. Hoisington (right), Director of the Women's Army Corps, were promoted to the rank of brigadier general. This is the first time that women have held the rank of general officer in the U.S. Armed Forces. General Hayes was born in Buffalo, N.Y., reared in Allentown, Pa., and during World War II served as operating room nurse with the 20th General Hospital in India. She has headed the Army Nurse Corps since September 1967. CBI patch is prominently displayed on her right shoulder in above Department of Defense photograph.

JULY, 1970

The 1944 Evacuation of Kweilin

By SGT. LOU STOUMEN

From Dec. 16, 1944, issue of YANK

Only 250 miles northwest of the Jap-held port of Canton on the China Sea, in a small green valley formed by jagged outcroppings of granite rock, are the burned, blasted and evacuated remains of Kweilin airbase. Its loss, coupled with the loss of other nearby airbases of the Fourteenth Air Force, is a serious reverse for American arms. It may mean that the war against Japan will be prolonged.

Ragged and ill-equipped Chinese armies are still fighting the battle of the eastern provinces against the tanks, heavy guns, cavalry and motorized infantry of the enemy. Concrete pillboxes, manned by Chinese, have been set up in the streets of Kweilin town, and the machine guns, mortars and ancient rifles of the Chinese are deployed throughout the passes of the mountains of Kwangsi Province in southeast China.

But the forward bases of the Fourteenth Air Force have been blown up and deserted by U. S. airmen who got out with their planes while they could. With them went any immediate hope of close land-based fighter and medium-bomber support of Allied landings on the China coast.

I last saw Kweilin just after the Japanese had taken Hengyang and it had begun to look as if their steam roller would soon reach Kweilin. Non-combat personnel had already been evacuated.

At that time the town of Kweilin, a few miles from the airbase, was still a quiet and pleasant place. Pillboxes had already been set up in the streets, but Chinese life seemed normal. Richshas clattered bumpily over the cobblestones. Small bamboo-thatched boats passed up and down the narrow winding river that cuts the town in two.

Kweilin has been called the Paris of Free China, and this was not, even at that time, entirely undeserved. The atmosphere of Kweilin was pleasant and leisurely. It was still the most wide-open town in Free China. The women were gay and pretty. Mulberry wine was cheap and relatively good. And the town itself had not been bombed for more than two years.

But at the nearby airbase, GIs and officers were tired, jumpy and underweight. The strain of overwork, sleepless nights spent in caves and gun pits, repeated bombings, and food so inadequate it had to be supplemented by vitamin pills, was telling on the Americans.



SKIES over Kweilin are darkened by the thick smoke of blazing buildings, as a Fourteenth Air Force airbase is destroyed. A "scorched earth" policy had been adopted to leave nothing for the advancing Japanese armies. (U.S. Army photograph)

Nevertheless Kweilin was still a fighting airbase. Its 75-mm cannon-packing B-25s and its beat-up P-40s were going out as many as five missions a day against coastal shipping and Jap motorized columns that had swept down through Changsha and Hengyang toward Kweilin.

The first time I saw Kweilin airbase bombed was on a day when Fourteenth Air Force P-40s from Kweilin and other bases had been out in force against the Jap Paluchi airfield near Yochow. By luck or nice timing the P-40 flight caught a number of enemy fighters refueling and destroyed 18 of them. All P-40s returned safely.

That night the Japs struck back at Kweilin. At 1930 hours the field was quiet and heavy with moist heat. The sky was cloudless and starry. A bright half-moon hung not far from the sky's center. Some of the men were in the rec hall watching a dull movie about college football called "We've Never Been Licked." A few were already beat-

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ing their sheets under mosquito nets, trying to sleep through the hot night.

Suddenly the Chinese barracks boys began pounding on copper washbasins, and from across the field came the thin wail of a siren. It was a One-Ball alert. Men assembled in small groups around jeeps. The Chinese barracks boys ran from room to room, turning off lights and rousing determined sleepers with cries of "Jing bao! Jing bao!" (the Chinese word for air raid).

The washbasins were banged again in a different tempo, and again the siren sounded. This was a Two-Ball alert. Jeeps took off with armed men crammed inside and sprawled over the hoods and spare tires. Most of these were men with desk or ground jobs who had volunteered to take over the gun positions. Men who had no battle stations dropped into slit trenches or took cover within natural caves in the granite valley walls. The Chinese barracks boys and mess attendants went in single file up the steep side of a mountain, and I followed. We settled ourselves under an overhanging rock near the top with a good view of the field below.

The airbase was blacked out. Moonlight shone on the runway and the roofs of the buildings. About 2000 hours a red flare came from one of the nearby hills and went up over one corner of the field. It was followed quickly by another flare from a hill on the other side and

the two flares crossed in an arch directly above the field's main gas-storage area. As had happened before, Chinese traitors or infiltrated Japanese were sending up welcoming beacons for the Japanese raiders. From slit trenches, gun pits and caves Americans saw the flares and cursed. The Chinese boys on the mountain top made sorrowful tongue-clicking noises.

And now a low-pitched moaning came out of the sky and steadily increased in volume. The small guns of the field, none larger than .50-caliber, opened up arching tracer bullets at the enemy. A few Chinese-manned searchlights flashed on, fingering the sky hesitantly and unskillfully. The valley was bright with light and echoing with gunfire. The roar of the Japanese planes sweeping low over the field became louder. A stick of bombs exploded on the runway.

The bombers flew on and there was darkness and silence broken only by an occasional rifle or carbine shot. Soldiers in the rocks and on the mountains were out hunting the Japs and traitors who had sent up the flares.

About three minutes later the bombers returned noisy but invisible against the night sky. They came from a different direction this time, passing right over us on the mountain top. The guns and searchlights began to argue it out with them again. There were more explosions, flashes of white light and concussion



CHINESE evacuees completely cover a flat car, on an outgoing train at South Station, Kweilin, China. This U.S. Army photo was taken as the city was being evacuated due to advance of Japanese troops on June 28, 1944.

The 1944 Evacuation of Kweilin

waves. When the bombers left this time, four small fires were burning near the runway.

The third time the Japs came over they hit what the flares had first pointed out—a part of the field's gas supply. Orange flames rose higher than the granite mountains.

The bombers came over a fourth time and dropped their eggs on the burning gas. The blaze grew bigger and hotter and brighter until the lower half of the field was lit up as if the sun were shining on it. The bare earthy crags across the valley stood out in full detail.

The planes made a fifth pass, low and right over the fire again. Apparently they were out of bombs and only checking their night's work, because they dropped nothing more.

For a long time nobody moved from his battle station or refuge. The column of fire, huge and hot, shot up in new and terrible billows every now and then.

When the fire had sunk to a red glow and the moon had gone down so it was not far above the mountainous horizon, the "all clear" siren sounded and a few lights blinked on about the field.

Back in the barracks with the lights on, things looked normal. Men walked and jeoped in from their stations. Everyone asked questions about the damage and argued about how many bombers had been over. Most men figured from four to 12.

S/Sgt. Burl F. Quillan of South Haven,



CHINESE evacuees at Kweilin sit calmly on top of a railroad passenger car, awaiting evacuation as Japanese troops advance nearby. Even on the roof seating space is at a premium. This U.S. Army photo was taken at South Station, Kweilin, on June 28, 1944.

Kans., an aircraft mechanic who had volunteered to man a .50-caliber machine gun on the field, sat on the edge of the porch smoking a cigarette, a little shaken by his experience. One bomb had landed about 100 feet from him. He had loaded and fired his gun by himself until it got too hot to handle. He said he thought he had placed a number of rounds in the belly of one low-flying enemy plane.

S/Sgt. Bill Gould of Pittsburgh, Pa., came in a little later. He had been in Kweilin town during the jing bao, and had a story to tell of more treachery. Just before the planes came over he had seen several red flares go up over the city and a sizable house set on fire. Guided by this, Gould said, the bombers had flown straight over the town, turned and headed directly for Kweilin airbase to drop their eggs.

"Pretty soon," said one of the men after hearing this story, "the traitors will be sniping at us. After this I'm wearing my gun into town."

Next morning the field looked about as it had before. There were a few bomb holes in the runway. A gang of coolies filled them with tamped-down earth before sundown. One B-25 was a wreck. No buildings had been hit, though some roofs had been perforated by fragments and some windows shattered. The earth and rocks in a wide area around the gasoline dump were scorched and littered with burned-out drums. Aside from two lieutenants who were a little beat up from concussion, there were no injured men and nobody killed. The burned gasoline would be sorely missed and would have to be replaced by air tankers. But there was still some gas on the field and Kweilin's planes could still carry on the attack.

What griped the men of Kweilin most about the deal—more than the bombing, more than the sleepless night, more than the overwork, more than the poor food—was the field's lack of proper defenses. There were no adequate searchlights, no properly equipped night fighters, no large-caliber antiaircraft guns. "If we only had a couple of Bofors," the men said.

But they knew why supplies and material were lacking. The Burma Road was closed and there was no Allied coastal port. All personnel, bombs, ammo, guns and gas for Kweilin came by air from a rear base in China, which in turn had to be supplied by air from over the Hump in India. And India had to be supplied from the States.

Not long after that, the airbase was abandoned and destroyed by the American forces, and the civilian population

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EVACUATION convoy from Kweilin crosses river on ferry, 100 miles out of Kweilin by road. (U.S. Army photograph)

of nearby Kweilin town also was evacuated.

"Gen. Stilwell and Maj. Gen. Chennault made a final visit to the base," said Sgt. Frank W. Tutwiler of San Francisco, Calif., describing the last days of the airbase. "By this time big bombs had been placed in a pattern planned for demolition, and soon after the generals left, the real work of breaking up the base began. The work went on day and night. The Jap planes didn't bother us in the daytime, but they did keep us in the foxholes night after night. These jing baos didn't amount to much, but they kept people awake and tired people can't work efficiently in the daytime.

"When the runways were finally blown up and the buildings were fired, we thought the Jap bombers would come over. The flames were certainly a lot better guide to the enemy than those flares the traitors and Jap agents used to shoot off. But for some reason, I don't know why, the Jap planes didn't show.

"We knew in advance that the airbase would be blown up and fired, and the boys came around and woke us up about 0100 the night it happened. In an hour

two hostels were burning and by 0400 the fighter strip, parachute tower, two more hostels and a lot of miscellaneous buildings had gone up in smoke. A terrific amount of supplies that had been stocked on the field was salvaged just before the buildings were fired. The stuff was loaded on planes that came in at the last minute and took off again.

"From the day we began preparing to abandon the base, and for a week after the demolition was completed, the people of Kweilin moved out of their town toward Liuchow. Day and night long lines of sad-looking refugees trudged across the field and along the runways, carrying with them pitiful bundles and trinkets, trying to take their world on their backs.

"The roads were clogged with refugees, and we could not help thinking what would have happened if it had not been for the Fourteenth Air Force. But our planes kept the Japs from coming over and strafing the refugees, as the Nazis had done in so many countries of Europe.

"At the railroad stations it was the same story. The Chinese crammed the cars to the very tops, they swarmed over the locomotives and hung to the couplings between the cars and even

The 1944 Evacuation of Kweilin

the rods under the cars. And everywhere you saw the great unwieldy bundles of the people, everything they had to their names.

"There was a shortage of coal, and some of the trains had to stand in the station for as long as eight hours after loading up. The smell became oppressive and the flies crawled all over in black clusters but somehow people went on housekeeping and living.

"An evacuation service that had been set up to handle the refugees was slow in getting started and it was soon engulfed by the flood of people. At first advance payment had been required for passage on the railroad but by the time the last 20,000 people left Kweilin, all the railroad wanted to know was where you were going—and there wasn't much choice.

"Back in the half-burned city, the streets were silent and deserted, except for occasional soldiers, and some people who were looting and breaking open store fronts here and there."

Two of the last GIs to leave Kweilin

were S/Sgt. Willard M. Golby of South Orange, N. J., and Cpl. Frank J. Kelleher of Scranton, Pa. "We got on the train at Ehr Tong station to leave Kweilin and had to sit there and wait for six days," said Golby. "It was the last train from Kweilin. We were transporting equipment and had to keep civilians out of our boxcars by posting guards.

"The sixth night we heard explosions and the sky was lit up with the fire from the hostels and airfield being destroyed. We were supposed to go to Liu-chow by train but the transportation officer told us that there was a derailment up the line and the train might not be able to leave. We loaded up two trucks with the equipment we were guarding and headed over back roads. On our way we passed an army of refugees all going in the same direction—away from Kweilin.

"But we were cheered by the sight of a different kind of army—Chinese soldiers—moving in the opposite direction. They were going to make a fight for Kweilin."



END OF THE WAR 25 years ago was marked by a Victory Parade at Karachi, which was then part of India, with many different units taking part. Upper left is an American outfit moving through the arch under the sign, "God Save the King." There were women in the parade, too: At upper right are British WRENS, and in other pictures are Indian WACS and a group of Girl Scouts from the Polish refugee camp. Photos by the late Joseph A. Fenaja, submitted by Mrs. Cathryn Fenaja.

CBI Personality

A new feature, which will appear from time to time in coming issues of Ex-CBI Roundup, is "CBI Personality." Through it we hope to introduce, to relate a little personal information about, many of those who served in this far-off theater during World War II. It will be written or sent in by readers . . . perhaps YOU know of someone you would like to tell about in this column. We invite your contributions.

By JAMES F. HYLAND

Recently the undersigned was happy and honored by a visit from a former CBI associate, Major Edward Randolph Lacy. Although it has been 27 years since I last saw Ed Lacy I found him still full of bounce and energy. It was this same bounce and energy that made Ed of such immeasurable help to our organization in the first crucial year or so in India.

When "discovered," Ed was a "refugee" from the Stilwellian exodus from Burma. At the time he was a junior officer in the U.S. Public Health Service. In addition to specializing in malaria control and sanitation he was also a graduate civil engineer. Of course he was promptly pre-empted and used in the bomber field construction program in India.

It seems to be a way of life that the wartime story books dote on the doings of "rooting tootin'" gun slinging heroes. However, it might also be said many of the "Buck Rogers" type would have been hard put to deliver their valued punches in India-Burma if it were not for the work of individuals like Ed. Under his aegis power-driven deep wells spouted where formerly only bullock-powered dug wells existed. It was the same regarding malaria control and camp sanitation facilities and general construction work for the aircraft installations and accommodations and hospitals for personnel.

Ed "invented" and brought into being his own table of organization for sanitation and malaria control. His sanitation and anti-malaria crew consisted entirely of indigenous personnel. His key men were Indian doctor graduates of the Rockefeller Institute in Calcutta. They in turn were backed up by other Indians trained in health and sanitation work. Lastly came the coolies with their backpack sprays, machetes and kadolies—in all if memory serves well—to the number of about four thousand. To be effective each installation had to be protected for a perimeter of several miles.

Ed's operations took in the sites of Chakulla, Gushkara, Panagarh, Ondal,

Asansol, Bishnupur, Pandayeswar, Kurmitola and Tezgaon. There were other miscellaneous points in the Dacca and Calcutta area. Ed got along famously with the Indian people whether in the local Marajah's palace or in the coolie huts. The children especially took to him. While Ed had no military training he proved to be a natural born trooper in the best tradition of the Old South. The Army Air Corps was pleased to eventually commission him as a major.

Currently Ed is proprietor of a concrete products industry in Annandale, Va. I know Ed would like to hear from former CBI comrades especially those former members of the capable U. S. Public Health Service who were also in India. Ed's address is: Major Edward Randolph Lacy, 6611 Billings Drive, Annandale, Va. 22003.

Finally, many times when on "tour" of our 2,300 land mile operations circuit Ed used to frequently bring up the subject of a certain young lady back home. At the time—being an old "benedict" of years standing—I listened to the words of praise and soulful longing with some amusement. However, when Ed paid me his recent visit he brought Ruth along—a most lovely lady—and now, somewhat belatedly, I have a real understanding of what Ed meant in speaking of her those many years ago in India.

(James F. Hyland, Col. USAF (Ret.), who now lives in Tucson, Ariz., is an ex-area engineer).

SEE YOU IN TULSA!

DON'T FORGET THE

1970 CBI Reunion

at the

FAIRMONT MAYO HOTEL

Tulsa, Oklahoma

AUG. 5, 6, 7 and 8

For complete program of events, please refer to June 1970 issue of Ex-CBI Roundup.

The American Sinophile

The author of this article, Robert W. Barnett, once an Air Force captain at Headquarters 14th Air Force, is now Deputy Assistant Secretary, East Asian and Pacific Affairs, U.S. Department of State. He is a veteran State Department officer now handling these important economic affairs in the area from Japan to Burma.

By ROBERT W. BARNETT
From Foreign Service Journal

Almost all Americans seem to be Sinophiles.

Is there another explanation than love of old China to account for the emotion the word itself evokes? Readiness to talk about it might suggest that we possess some unifying knowledge. But what is it? Or, indeed, is it knowledge at all? Is it not, rather, a feeling about time and place and people beyond knowledge? Some kind of faith?

Experiences and facts are not alike, even among those of us who have been there.

Would China seen mainly from an upstairs window of the Hong Kong-Shanghai Bank on the Bund and from tee and green at Hungjao Golf Course be the same as the China seen from City Hill in Hanchow, looking down over West Lake, the Needle Pagoda, and the Emperor's Island to the west, and the lazy expanse of the Chientang River to the east? Of course not. What echoes of special truth about China are heard in being reminded of Japanese bombers over Chungking and the ruins they left, the Generalissimo's rock-like profile seen through Chungking's smoke, or mysterious vision of junk gliding at dusk into Kaohsiung harbor. Some special quality of love of place and people cements almost all who have been to or read about old China. It casts a veil of poignancy over things shared and prized, because the place loved exists, and lies beyond reach. We cannot today touch, see, feel, smell, hear it. The wounding edge of this denial enhances our emotion.

The West's love of China goes back far. Marco Polo wrote about his in the thirteenth century, and Father Ricci, his, at the end of the sixteenth. Although neither went there, Wordsworth and Hegel wrote about theirs in the early nineteenth. And, more recently, poets and novelists like Arthur Waley, Cranmer-Blyng, Helen Waddell, Pearl Buck, Nora Waln, Ann Bridges, Preston Schoyer, Robert Payne, and many, many others,

have tried to convey their love in rhyme and plot.

I read the other day Amaury de Rien-court's "Soul of China." This brilliant young Frenchman wants to give us a sense of Chineseness through three millennia—but in the bibliography of his book, I noticed, there is not one in Chinese. He uses Bodde, Creel, Fairbank, Fitzgerald, Granet, Grousset, Hughes, Hu Shih, Latourette, Legge, Lin Yu-tang, Maspero, Meadows, Needham, Sun Yat-sen, Waley, Wittfogel. He did not, even then, exhaust the literature. And yet, he did give me an authentic sense of China—standing in awe of it, as did most of his sources.

From what deep springs flows notion of China? Lao Tsu and Confucius could not have put their imprint on China ab initio. They caught something in the air before them, shaped and passed it on. And other Chinese have been doing it ever since. In this cosmology we look at Lao Tsu as philosophical parent of both the Chinese poet and the Chinese autocrat—the romanticist and the absolutist—Mi Yiu-jen and Li Tai-po, Chin Shih Huang Ti and Han Fei-tsu. We can look to Confucius, on the other hand, for elaboration of what was already China's anthropocentric system of balanced humane order, and for definition of responsibility, manliness, honor, friendship, loyalty, and pride in being—Chinese.

That first and marvelous dynastic history, the Shih Chi, was written by Ssu Ma-chien, a Confucian moralist—who assigned Confucian praise and blame in his past—and his Confucian successors did likewise for 20 successive dynasties. But China's dynasties were overturned by Taoist non-conformists. Both elements—moralist and rebel—have been present always in China.

Let us listen to the poets. Can any of us tonight doubt that it is China and the Chinese we are hearing about in this poem?

*"How goes the night?
Midnight has still to come
Down in the court the torch is blazing
bright;
I hear far off the throbbing of the drum.*

*"How goes the night?
The night is not yet gone.
I hear the trumpets blowing on the
height;
The torch is paling in the coming dawn.*

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*"How goes the night?
The night is past and done.
The torch is smoking in the morning
light,
The dragon banner floating in the sun."*

Or:

*"We cannot keep the gold of yesterday;
Today's dun clouds we cannot roll away.
Now the long, wailing flight of geese
brings autumn in its train,
So to the view-tower cup in hand to
fill and drink again."*

*"And dream of the great singers of
the past,
Their fadeless lines of fire and beauty
cast."*

*I too have felt the wild-bird thrill of
song behind the bars,
But these have rushed the world aside
and walked amid the stars."*

*"In vain we cleave the torrent's thread
with steel,
In vain we drink to drown the grief
we feel;
When man's desire with fate doth war
this, this avails alone—
To hoist the sail and let the gale and
the waters bear us on."*

We listen, and hear an anonymous voice recorded in the Shih Ching, about 500 B.C., and another from the 8th century, A.D. They are Confucian and Taoist, and their mood is Chinese, and somehow contemporaneous. That is how China is.

But so, too, is this:

"If, in a country, there are the following ten things: odes and history, rites and music, virtue and the cultivation thereof, benevolence and integrity, sophistry and intelligence, then the ruler has no one he can employ for defense and warfare. If a country is governed by means of those ten things, it will be dismembered, as soon as an enemy approaches."

These harsh words were not delivered by Lin Piao. They are attributed to Kung-San Yang, or Lord Shang, chief minister of the State of Ch'in in the fourth century, B.C. Duyvendak tells of his administrative accomplishments:

"Shang Yang is said to have converted Ch'in from a loose conglomerate of small feudal territories into a highly centralized administrative unity. He seems to have retrenched the privileges of the noble families, even of those of the members of the princely clan, and to have instituted a hierarchy of officials who had distinguished themselves in warfare. Severe punishments were enacted against brigands and the private fights of the semi-independent feudal cities, and a rigid bureaucratic organization into districts was instituted. The unity of the

old patriarchal family-system was attacked by discouraging people from living together, and mutual responsibility was introduced, with rewards for indictment of crime. Tilling the soil and weaving were encouraged, and measures were taken against trade. A new system of taxes was introduced and weights and measures were standardized. A land-reform was put into force."

But Lord Shang was a man fiercely dedicated to seizure and cutting use of power, and it is recorded in Chapter 68 of the Shih Chi that his state rewarded him and finally by having his body torn to pieces by chariots and his family exterminated.

The American Sinophile is attuned to much about China that does not meet the eye. A Japanese Sinophile recognizes and clothes with other specific recollections what is contained in this hint of a T'ang dynasty China that Sir George Sansom tells us lies deep in Japan's racial memory:

"Politically, China was at this moment perhaps the most powerful, the most advanced and best administered country in the world. Certainly, in every material aspect of the life of a state she was overwhelmingly superior to Japan. The frontiers of her empire extended to the borders of Persia, to the Caspian Sea, to the Altai Mountains. She was in relations with the people of Annam, Cochín China, Tibet, the Tarim Basin and India; with the Turks, the Persians, and the Arabs. Men of many nations appeared at the court of China, bringing tribute and merchandise and new ideas that influenced her thought and her art. Persian, and more remotely, Greek influence is apparent in much of the sculpture and painting of the time and period.

"We need not discuss the extent of these various alien influences, we need only notice that their presence must have been a stimulus to invention and creation in many provinces of life, and at the same time remember that the bulk of China was so great, her strength so formidable that they could easily be absorbed without disturbing the balance or the individuality of her own culture. Along the streets of Chang-an there passed in those days Buddhist monks from India, envoys from Kashgar and Samarkand, Persia, Annam, Tonkin, Constantinople, chieftains of nomadic tribes from the Siberian plains, officials and students from Korea and, in now increasing numbers from Japan. It is easy to imagine the effect upon the eyes and minds of these last of a capital so rich in interest and excitement, their despair at the sight of such profusion, their proud resolve to rival it if hands and courage and restless ambition could eke out their

country's material shortcomings. No doubt with that tireless curiosity and patient attention to detail which characterized their study of other alien civilizations, with which they later came into contact—those of Portugal, of Holland, and later of the industrialized Occident of the 19th century—the Japanese set themselves to observe and report on every aspect of China's life, and to consider what features they might profitably adopt in their own country."

The ultimate glory of China—in Han, T'ang, or Ch'ing times—has been its power to preserve through cycles of order and disorder, violence and tranquility, the centrality of man himself to which system has always bent.

A conviction that this is true, I think, ran through most of the testimony offered Senator Fulbright by the China specialists whom he exposed to the American TV viewing public a little while ago. Convictions belong to the world of feeling and faith—they cannot be proven. Let the witnesses themselves make their points. Only one shows anger with the Chinese as Chinese.

While the Chinese Communists like to think that they can control and manipulate all important, basic, social forces, it is increasingly clear that they, being human, are subject to many social forces and influences which they cannot control. (A. Doak Barnett)

In the course of time Peking should see a resurgence of the more humanistic and bureaucratic tradition of government by well-educated administrators who keep society in balance. While the past is gone forever, the present is not permanent either. Eventually we may expect the Chinese revolution to mellow down a bit. (John F. Fairbank)

The Party politicians are responsive to a degree of popular attitudes. They are well aware of the dangers of being alienated from the masses, as the people are called. (John M. H. Lindbeck)

Totalitarianism, authoritarianism and autocracy, conspiratorial politics, dogmatic subjectivity, the perversion of education into sheer indoctrination, the exaltation of political dogma and the corresponding debasement of technology, true science, and scientific expertise. They have chosen these emphases, and allied them with the religious subjectivism of Marxism, which appeals to them because it demands so little in the way of abandonment of those reprehensible features of the Chinese tradition that they have seized upon in their fanatical desperation and urgency to change China and the Chinese overnight. (David Nelson Rowe)

The glory of China is the Chinese.

Chen Yi now tells us that there are

650 million of them on the mainland. There may be many more—or fewer. But not all Chinese are embraced by Mao's system. There are four Chinese systems today. One is ruled from Peking. But Taipei offers another, and so do Hong Kong and Singapore. Each is different. Monumental tasks face the Chinese in their own homeland. Peking offers harsh prescription for program, and has shown itself quite fallible. None can be sure what prescription is wise. But we know, from careful examination, that under three non-communist systems, Chinese have responded to freedom with purpose, exhilaration, and achievement.

The economic growth rate of Taiwan was much higher than Japan's last year. The Government of the Republic of China no longer looks to the United States for economic assistance. It is giving it—in Africa, and elsewhere. David Bell likes to point to the Chinese people on Taiwan as a model of how self-help, reinforced by some judicious external economic assistance, succeeded. The Governor of Hong Kong might claim that British authority helps to preserve order there, but he would unhesitatingly agree that the post-war miracle of Hong Kong's development has been the doing of Chinese people. Prime Minister Lee Kuan-yu governs a state made up of Chinese people who live in a wide-open free port, participate together in a most successful social welfare administration, and are engaged in structural transformation of Singapore's economy as rapid and successful as can be seen in the entire less developed world. What do these cases show about the Chinese people?

Violence is not a prerequisite for dynamism. Chinese people thrive in a system of world order. They respond actively to the challenges of freedom—economic, intellectual, cultural. They, and the families they cleave to, possess a pride in being Chinese that is distinctive. Industry, frugality, humor, courtesy, devotion to friends, even a style of bearing and bodily movement are with them wherever they go and they go everywhere without explanation, apology, or aggressiveness. They meet world standards of class—conversationally and operationally. They practice suave and effective diplomacy. They prize learning and send their children to the best schools they can find. Their gifted scholars set no limit on inquiry, and, at home and abroad, keep company with the most powerful intellects, scientific and humane, of the world. They have won Nobel prizes. One of them was the finest all-around United States-trained athlete at the Tokyo Olympic Games. And none needs to be reminded, their cuisine is matchless.

Some, but too few, of these things

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can be said today about the Chinese on the mainland, at least about those whose voices we hear. System seems to be bending these Chinese away from their Chineseness. This has happened before when China's leaders have tried to use it for meeting different and taxing tasks at home and confronted fears, real and imagined, abroad. But redemption from such system lies—has always lain—with the Chinese people themselves. Throughout recorded time they have known, collectively, when to cry stop when bent too far by the system. Today,

they may be encouraged to explore other paths suitable for Chinese effort by what they can see Chinese, outside that system, doing with their opportunities.

It is not inconsistent to condemn Communist China's international conduct, to stand ready to make aggressive use of violence unprofitable, to recognize the likelihood of error and agony in the lumpy progression of the unfinished revolutions which today engage the Chinese people and still remain incurably Sinophile. That, in fact, is what an American Sinophile must do. □

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What India Is Talking About

A regular feature in the San Francisco Chronicle, very much appreciated by CBIers in the Bay Area, is a boxed story under the heading "Calcutta Is Talking About," "Bombay Is Talking About," etc. Usually written by a representative of the Chronicle Foreign Service, but sometimes taken from another publication, these human-interest stories give an interesting insight into life in India, China, Hong Kong and other parts of the Orient. Ray Kirkpatrick of San Francisco has sent many of them to Ex-CBI Roundup . . . some of them are reprinted here.

The Street Sleepers

By K. K. DUGGAL
Chronicle Foreign Service

NEW DELHI—India, where people live and die on the streets, needs 84 million houses. According to an official estimate, 12 million new houses are needed in the towns and 20 million in the villages. And 52 million dilapidated dwellings in the countryside need to be renovated or rebuilt.

This would mean an investment of \$50 billion, which is clearly beyond India's means. The total outlay envisaged for the next five-year plan is \$30 billion and housing is only a small part of the plan.

A recent survey by the Ministry of Housing said at least 25 million new houses are needed by 1976. This means more than 4 million houses a year. The current rate of growth is less than 300,000 houses annually.

Although the housing shortage is not so acute in urban areas as in rural areas, it is more distressing because the large cities suffer from congestion and unplanned growth. Close to 5 million people live on the pavements or in dark slums in Calcutta, Bombay and Delhi. There are more than 2.5 million slum dwellers in Calcutta alone. Scores of pavement sleepers freeze to death every winter.

The government has been doing its bit to clear the slums and build small huts for the hapless slum dwellers, but they often return to their old habitation because they cannot get jobs in new townships far away from their means of livelihood.

The progress of housing in most of

the states has been halting. For some curious reason the states do not give priority to housing. They do not utilize fully the funds allocated to housing or divert them to other projects. The Chinese invasion in 1962 and the 1965 India-Pakistan war hit housing badly because a large chunk of money was sunk in defense.

Several suggestions have been offered to overcome the housing shortage. One is low-cost prefabricated houses. The government floated a prefab housing factory in Delhi, but it went into disuse because of poor custom. Indians are averse to prefabs; they believe that these structures are less durable than conventional brick and concrete houses.

Another suggestion was that the government-owned Life Insurance Corp. should introduce an own-your-house insurance scheme and provide ready-to-occupy houses to policy holders. But the scheme failed to get off the ground presumably because the corporation had more lucrative avenues of investment.

President V. V. Giri put forth the idea that India should try out cheap and functional houses constructed with locally available material. He called for experimentation in housing which had become too serious a problem for further delay.

Houses on the hire-purchase basis might be the answer to the problem, but no Indian entrepreneur has ventured into this field. Co-operative housing societies mushroomed in the 1950's, but they failed to gain public confidence.

Starvation Outside Bombay's City Hall

By RUKMINI DEVI
Chronicle Foreign Service

BOMBAY—Bori Bunder is the busiest part of this city of 5 million people. A train arrives at the Victoria Terminus railway station every two minutes. More than a million people pass through its turnstiles every day. On the opposite side there is the head-

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quarters of the Municipal Corporation which runs the civic administration.

All major government and commercial organizations are located within 20 minutes walk from Bori Bunder. The police commissioner's office is only two furlongs away.

How then could a 75-year-old woman, very ill and almost naked, have remained on the sidewalk alongside the municipal buildings for more than a fortnight without being noticed by the authorities? Why was she not immediately removed to a hospital or to one of the beggars' homes? Is it true that there are many such cases in Bombay?

These questions, first asked by the prestigious Evening News, have begun to haunt the conscience of Bombay residents. One local magazine plans to devote an entire issue to the subject of destitution in India's largest city. Members of the state legislature are agitated about it and social workers plan to send a petition to Premier Indira Gandhi.

The most disturbing part of the press disclosure is that when a citizen telephoned a hospital to send an ambulance to Bori Bunder he was told: "We have no ambulance to spare and have room only for serious cases."

The Evening News reporters are quite modest about their achievement in knocking some sense of urgency into the city government. They have reason to be. The Evening News building is also Bori Bunder and people have asked how the newspaper failed to take notice of the starving and sick woman for a fortnight.

Anyway, some good is going to come of the episode. The woman is being treated in a government hospital. And officials say that by the end of this month all "genuinely destitute" cases will be removed to beggars' homes.

No one knows how many destitutes there are in Bombay. The number of beggars is known to be around 30,000 but not all of them are in bad circumstances. Some are quite well off, earning about \$3 a day—twice the salary of a mill worker. One man recently arrested under the anti-beggary law confessed that he had a bank account and operated a fleet of taxis.

As one official put it, begging can be quite profitable in Bombay. All one has to do is to sit on a crowded side-

walk, chant Hindu or Moslem prayer songs and dangle a bowl made out of coconut shell. Women are especially sentimental. They think that nothing purifies the soul more than daily almsgiving.

Outside the Mahaluxmi Temple a man "sells" small change for a commission. You can give him a rupee (10 paise) and he gives you 95 one-paise coins for dropping into the expectant begging bowls. During Hindu festivals when alms-giving reaches a peak the man earns \$5 a day merely by tugging at the heartstrings of pious ladies.

But the number of desperate citizens cannot be less than a thousand, according to social workers. They live on sidewalks, under railway bridges and in the courtyards of old buildings.

Some sleep inside abandoned municipal water pipes. One man who confessed he had not eaten for a week was found on an upturned charpoy (rope cot) strung up on a mango tree.

The city government has no money to finance a social security allowance project. But the city's college students have decided to raise funds to help build a home for destitutes. And film stars—this is India's Hollywood—are planning a musical benefit.

A Snake for Every Boy

By SPYROS PAYIATAKIS
Chronicle Foreign Service

MOLARBUND, INDIA—I came across a school for snake-charmers quite by chance when I was driving in India.

Just after dawn, I got to a small village called Molarbund, a few miles from Delphi. It looked like most Indian villages—about a hundred mud huts, a few goats, half a dozen skinny donkeys, some old women blowing the embers to start the morning's fires. They waved at me as I passed.

At the edge of the village, I jammed on my brake in astonishment. In front of me were six children—the youngest about seven—laughing happily and covered with snakes. Facing them was an old man whose name I found out later was Chumnath.

Molarbund—though I didn't know it at the time—is a village famous for

its snake-charmers. The children there learn their father's trade. Chumnath is the village schoolmaster—of a school for snake charmers.

He holds daily classes in snake music, anti-snake medicine mixing, cobra catching, how to extract fangs—all leading up to a sort of Graduation Day, when a boy has mastered the art of persuading a snake to rear up its head at the first rustle of a rupee.

Chumnath told me quite firmly that he had no patience with boring teaching methods.

"You've got to keep a boy interested," he said, "and the best way to do it is to give him snakes just as soon as you can."

When the boys are six or seven, they start by learning to make their own musical instruments from calabashes and bamboo, and then to have music lessons on how to extract plaintive music from these rather unsympathetic vegetables.

The morning I was there, a class was being held among youngsters who had already learned their music, and they were started off on small grass snakes. They sat there cross-legged, trying to make the snakes rear up—not very successfully.

As Chumnath explained, this was his way of getting the boys "into the feel of the business," but of course the most important thing for a would-be snake charmer is to have his own snake. Once a youngster of eight or nine can boast that he's got his own cobra, it's like an American youngster with his first baseball glove.

Brink of Disaster

By GEOFFREY MOORHOUSE
Manchester Guardian

CALCUTTA—This city has had a pretty rough ride in the past 12 months and at the moment everyone is wondering just where the hell it goes from here. There aren't many foreigners who would allow the possibility of movement in any other direction.

And, in truth, the problems of Calcutta, compounded by its vicious politics, are still of such a fowering order as to defeat imagination; you have to sit for a little while in the middle of them to grasp what it is to have

a great city and its 7 million people tottering on the brink of disaster. But that is the vital point about Calcutta. It has been tottering for the best part of a generation now, but it hasn't yet fallen.

In 12 months the guts of the place are unchanged. The buses still charge along Chowringhee carrying thrice their designed loads, with a battered durability that must be a grief and a pride to British Leyland. The beggars—genuine, spurious and variously mutilated—still work the traffic halted by lights on the corner of Park street. The top barristers in town are still making about \$6600.

There are fun-lovers in Calcutta, too. You see them every night of the week, swishing into the Moulin Rouge and the Blue Fox, where they can enjoy soft lights, deafening music and scented whiskey with their food for as little as 30 rupees a head. But the contrast is just a mite obscene when you have spent the night before with a jute mill worker whose monthly take-home is less than 200 rupees.

Home happens to be a collection of slums built by the firm (formerly British, now run by Indians) in which there is one latrine for 1500 people, street pumps of unfiltered water for every 200, and rooms of ten feet by six feet which accommodate three operatives. In this whole slum compound there is so little electric light that at night it looks and feels much as the East End of London must have been at the start of the 19th century; people sit in doorways around smoking braziers, children play games in pools of light, while in gloomy corners people just squat and urinate in the gutter.

You will not meet a British businessman in Calcutta who is not prepared to wager tomorrow night's winnings at rummy in the Bengal Club that by the start of 1972 West Bengal will be ruled by Marxists with an unshakable majority.

Everything else has failed these people; domination by the British, home-rule by the Indian Congress, a final democratic fling by 14 different parties grotesquely misnamed the United Front. If the Communists (and there must be about ten different varieties knocking each other around at the moment) had managed a glimmer of unity in the past year they could by

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now have done what they would with Calcutta. Even the businessmen were prepared to horsetrade with them for the sake of firm government of some kind. As it is, commerce has become demoralized.

Where else but to the Communists can human beings turn in a place like this? When every year Calcutta University turns out 15,000 graduates who know they will have to scramble for 8000 jobs between them? When there are fewer than four hospital beds for every thousand citizens? When a third of the city is networked by 120 miles of open sewers? When every alternative system of government has been tried and found badly wanting?

Traveling Cheats

By **SKEEKAR L. BHANDARKAR**
Chronicle Foreign Service

MANIPAL, INDIA—Ticketless travelers are causing great concern for the Indian Railways, the second largest single system in the world.

It isn't as if many of these travelers cannot afford to purchase tickets. Persons in public life, well-placed officials and members of wealthy families have been caught traveling without tickets as well as fishermen, milk vendors, hawkers, sadhus, and, of course, beggars.

A seasoned ticketless traveler often bullies the ticket examiner when asked to pay train fare. He may even ridicule him. And when there are special raids to nab the freeloading travelers, they frequently try to escape.

When confronted by a magistrate, the illegal traveler may still maintain an air of defiance and pay the penalty imposed upon him with utmost ease. Or he may break down. But rarely will he explain his aversion to buying a ticket.

More than 6 million people travel without tickets. These parasites constitute a big hazard to the smooth operation of the train system. Not only do they travel by trains every day in India. On some sections as many as a tenth of the passengers railways lose the amount of their fares, they upset time schedules by misusing alarm chains; they overcrowd compartments, their unbooked baggage is al-

ways in the way; and they harass bonafide passengers.

The authorities are trying to break this evil habit which is assuming alarming proportions. Organized assaults on the checking staffs frequently have been reported. Some staff members were stoned during a recent raid in which many illegal passengers were caught. Even though the size of the railway staff has been increased, there still aren't enough people to cope with the problem. Responsible students are now assisting the staff during special raids.

The problem makers include reckless youngsters. To most of them, it is an act of bravado. One student told a magistrate that he framed a slogan—"Travel now, pay when caught"—after seeing an aviation company's advertisement saying, "Fly now, pay later."

In addition to the no ticket travelers, there are those who buy third class passage and travel first class. Others travel a greater distance than their ticket entitles them to travel.

On being caught, may claim they simply forgot to buy a ticket, or that a friend or relative who was holding the ticket missed the train at the last station when he got down for a cup of tea. Some make a show of searching for a non-existent ticket in a pocket or bag. □

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Bits and Pieces From China

BY NORMAN WEBSTER
Toronto Globe and Mail

Chopsticks really aren't that hard to use. It takes only a couple of meals to become reasonably proficient—say, to pick up a shelled, skinned, unsalted peanut. The hardest things to latch onto are bamboo shoots cut in wedges. Just when you think you have one, it squirts free. My son, David, who is 3, has his own unorthodox chopstick style. He clamps the implements in his right fist like a dagger, then, when he has chosen a piece of food to attack, pries them open at the bottom with the left hand until they are on either side of it; he lets go and the chopsticks clamp on. His morsel-to-mouth style is that of an overconfident swordswallower.

Peking's main department store has the most wildly colorful selection of bathing suits I have ever seen. Female models—one piece suits only, no bikinis—come in screaming orange and bright, bright purples and reds. Men can buy suits of orange, dazzling yellow and electric blue, all with bands of contrasting stripes. It makes the sportiest possible contrast with the blue or beige pants and jackets both sexes wear most of the time.

Members of the diplomatic mission here were taken a bit aback one day to see vacant land next door being used as a grenade-throwing practice ground. The soldiers heaved away, chucking their practice projectiles at two targets: Liu Shao-chi and Leonid Brezhnev.

The Chinese put a whitewash solution on the lower part of the trunks of trees lining main streets and avenues. They say this protects the trees from insects, but they are also not unmindful of its decorative value, for the top of the whitewash is at precisely the same level on the trees along any given street. Trees so treated look very attractive indeed. Sort of like whitewalled tires.

China's national anthem is excellent—short (about 39 seconds), punchy and stirring. It makes Canada's endless "Stand on Guard" drag badly by comparison.

Another tune which has almost the status of national anthem is "The East Is Red," a paean to the Chairman ("Red is the east, rises the sun/China has brought forth a Mao Tse-tung"). Although you hear it often it rarely palls

because it comes in so many different arrangements—just about everything from polka to hymn. (Sometimes, when it rolls out over the loud-speaker outside your window at 6 in the morning, it reminds you more of "Reveille.")

The most dramatic moment to hear it played is when Mao appears atop Tien An Men, the gate tower overlooking the giant Square of Heavenly Peace, to review the National Day parade. When "The East Is Red" begins it will be precisely 10:00 a.m. You can set your watch by it.

Chinese in the north, in Peking, are taller and more heavy-set than their countrymen in the south, in Canton. The smaller Cantonese seem quicker in their movements, livelier and both more cheerful and more argumentative than the phlegmatic citizens of Peking.

At restaurant meals, when you serve your neighbor from a central dish in the Chinese style, overloading neighboring plates is part of the game in the foreign community. Trying to make others fat is one of the few ways to feel better about one's own spreading girth—a common occurrence where almost everyone has an eager cook and few opportunities for exercise.

If you pick your flight carefully, you can fly between Peking and Canton (about 1200 miles) in less than four hours, non-stop. The last time I flew south it took only three hours and 20 minutes. Coming back was something else—Canton to Peking with stops in Changsha, Wuhan and Chengchow. Takeoff at 6:50 in the morning. Elapsed time: just under 10 hours.

I had lunch during the stopover at Wuhan, an industrial center on the Yangtze. It was served in a brick shed behind the airport building. The room was heated by a coal stove in the middle, and we diners scooped rice into our bowls from a huge steaming bucket set on the floor by the waitress. I bought the deluxe lunch for about \$1 and quickly found enough food on the table to feed four lumberjacks. Delicious, too.

Most Chinese public rooms contain a spittoon of white enamelware. There's no letting fly from across the room, though. The spittoons have flat circular wooden covers with poles attached which stick up about two feet. You lift the cover by the pole, then use.

BOOK REVIEWS



TEN THOUSAND TONS BY CHRISTMAS. By Edwin Lee White, Col. USAF (Ret.). Vantage Press, New York, N.Y. March 1970. \$3.75.

An account of the Air Transport Command and other Hump operations. Starts with S. S. Brazil, first trip across the Hump in April 1942 to closing operations in November 1945. Of 1,200 citations received by A.T.C. during the war, 800 were received by the India-China Wing. The book has an interesting version of rescue missions including problems of rescuing Sergeant Jacobs 60 miles northwest of Tezpur, and an unusual story of GI Wesley Dickinson's snake farm at Chabua.

CHINA SINCE 1911. By George Mosely. Harper & Row, New York. August 1969. \$5.95.

Beginning essentially with Sun Yat Sen's revolution of 1911, which placed China in the mainstream of modern world history, the author tells of events in that vast, unfortunate country to the present day. This includes the Japanese invasion and the subsequent civil warfare between Chiang's Nationalists and Mao Tse-Tung's Communist forces. Later developments covered range from the Hundred Flowers campaign down to the current Sino-Soviet rift.

SHANGHAI JOURNAL: An Eyewitness Account of the Cultural Revolution. By Neale Hunter. Frederick A. Praeger, Inc., New York. August 1969. \$7.95.

The author is a young Australian who went to China with his wife in April 1945, to teach English at the Foreign Language Institute in Shanghai. Within a short time Mao's Cultural Revolution shook all China, and school closed. Hunter spent his time studying events first hand. He tells of the formation of the Red Guards, and the scenes of almost incredible emotion as students humiliated professors and rioted against "revisionists" accused of forming a "privileged class" within the Chinese Communist Party.

A PORTRAIT OF INDIA: In the Light and in the Shadow. By Ved Mehta. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Inc., New York. April 1970. \$10.00.

A sightless author's sequel to his 1960 book, "Walking the Indian Streets," in which an expatriate Indian "sees" his mother country with considerable harsh-

ness. This is a highly personal collection of scenes and impressions of almost every aspect of contemporary Indian life. Mehta writes of famine, the horrors of Calcutta, the jazz scene in Bombay, religious episodes, etc.; visiting both cities and remote border tribes.

HALF-CROWN COLONY: A Historical Profile of Hong Kong. By James Pope-Hennessy. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. March 1970. \$5.95.

The author is the grandson of the "first liberal governor" of Hong Kong, Sir John Pope-Hennessy, who from 1877 to 1882 shocked his fellow Englishmen by treating Chinese merchants virtually as equals. Today's Pope-Hennessy calls Hong Kong the "last surviving example" of British Crown Colony Government, and a social anachronism whose days are numbered. His book was written following a 1967 visit, made at a time when Chinese workers rioted and waved Mao's Little Red Book. The book contains photos and engravings showing Hong Kong then and now.

THE WILDEST DREAMS OF KEW. By Jeremy Bernstein. Simon & Schuster, Inc., New York. May 1970. \$7.95.

A book that captures the atmosphere and color of the author's journey with friends to Nepal, that fabled and fabulous mountain country with its Kathmandu valley at the very feet of the Himalayas. Most interesting are his sketches and impressions.

THE FLOWERING WORLD OF "CHINESE" WILSON. Edited and with an introduction and brief biography by Daniel J. Foley. The MacMillan Co., New York. June 1969.

This is the story of Ernest Henry "Chinese" Wilson, famed in the early part of the century as the world's greatest plant hunter, a man whose whole life from the late 19th century until his death in an accident in 1933 was devoted to discovering and bringing to America the rare plants and flowers of the Orient. Although its appeal is greatest to the green-thumb set, the book is a fascinating story of the dangers Wilson faced, the vicissitudes he endured, collecting plants in war-torn China.

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A Gourmet's Banquet in Taiwan

From the Taiwan Times

"The art of Chinese cooking" says Master James Wei, Taipei gourmet, "is to make the meat taste like vegetables and the vegetables taste like meat, without either the meat or the vegetables losing their original texture".

That is the simplified Wei Law. It has added a poignant sanction now, alas, because it can be proclaimed and expounded only in Taiwan, and not on the China mainland, where the magnificent heritage of Chinese cuisine is being slowly strangled by ideology. If you eat well in China today you are being disloyal to Chairman Mao and the "cultural" revolution. If you salute the poet Li Po, drunkenly but happily drowning as he tried to embrace the moon's reflection in a lotus pond, you are a vicious revisionist.

Taiwan may well be the last sanctuary of the unique and divine art of Chinese cuisine. Of course there is still first-class Chinese food in Hong Kong and Tokyo, which makes a mockery of the heroic but fading offerings in distant London, New York and even San Francisco's Chinatown. But once the traditional kitchen apprenticeship—paralleled of course by patient and protracted French kitchen training—is lost, how can the savoury torch we handed on? When the master Chinese cooks ascend the dragon, can chop suey and chow mein be far behind?

Master Wei, as hospitable as he is seasoned, threw a banquet for a visiting kwai-lo (foreign devil) in Taipei recently. He summoned eight other guests—all Han, mature and discerning diners of "unbounded stomach"—but, to his chagrin, could organize only four master cooks, at two days' notice, to prepare his nine courses. He was apologetically vexed with this austerity.

The banquet was prepared to support his gastronomic thesis: that there are still five major schools of traditional Chinese cooking—not four as some heretics now pretend to argue. He lists them as: Canton, Foochow-Fukien (including the coastal area), Shantung (including Peking and the north), Szechwan, and Honan. (The simplifying heretics seek to incorporate Honan with Shantung, Peking and the north).

To the kwai-lo's innocent suggestion that the Foochow or coastal school might be classified under the generic label "Shanghai", Master Wei responded with a sour oath.

"Shanghai has—or had—many acceptable restaurants like the Sun Ya on

Nanking Road", he conceded, amid a murmur of approval from his Han guests. "But food or dishes of its own offering—none, pah, none! The one common and unique claim for each of the five schools which I have listed is that any respectable restaurant in each zone can—rather, could—offer its patrons on demand on any night more than 100 different courses prepared from local products." He brooded, then added: "I would say, more precisely, at least 108 different courses."

His Han guests approved more vociferously: the warm encouraging Shaoshing wine was circulating.

Master Wei, essentially a fair and reasonable man, temporized. "I would praise Shanghai because the best Shaoshing wine once came from spring-water on a hill on the outskirts of Shanghai", he recalled. The company reverently toasted the spring. "Of course we have excellent water here also. You must drink Shaoshing at blood temperature", he continued, bowing to the kwai-lo. "When cold, reject. Drink with full heart and open throat. Remember that over-indulgence brings neither headache nor thirst in the morning. Remember also that while Confucius, a diner of moderation, argued that the meat that a man ate should not be enough to make his breath smell of meat rather than rice, he imposed no limit on wine consumption, so long as the diner 'did not become disorderly'."

The company drank to Confucius.

Meanwhile, the four admirable cold hors d'oeuvres—"drunken" chicken, pigs' kidney, mutton and tiny clams—had been plucked by 10 pairs of chopsticks, and the delicate Shantung fish with wine had been followed by the Czechwan hot-peppered chicken, the magnificent Hunan tofu or curd (frozen for eight hours, cooked for 12), the dazzling, jewel-like Hupeh meatballs, the roast Cantonese suckling-pig (of which, of course, only the skin was eaten), the Lanchow steamed dumplings, the Foochow fish soup, the lotusroot sweet.

"We could have had Szechwan smoked duck", Master Wei brooded. "Or Honan sweet-and-sour carp. Or Peking duck, Or monkeyhead—we are having trouble in getting supplies of Honan monkeyhead, which, as you well know, is a special kind of mushroom tastier, I believe, than French truffles."

"Which special dish did you prefer tonight, sir?" the kwai-lo asked the oldest diner at the table, a gentle professor

whose life lies behind him in the communized Peking University.

"May I echo the excellent riposte of your Master Thoreau to that question?" he replied with a bow and out-thrust chopsticks. "The dish I liked and like the best here, is, as Thoreau said, the nearest."

The company toasted Thoreau.

The four cooks were paraded and, bowing, joined in a common toast. The pretty

girl waitresses were summoned and bowing, accepted another toast.

To conclude, Master Wei proposed a draught or two of Kaoliang, a vigorous, gin-like beverage which was known to the Kwai-lo in old Peking and Shanghai as "white lightning".

"I must apologize", Master Wei said formally and conventionally, "for a most indifferent meal". □

Red Riots Past, Macao Is Now Booming

BY ERNEST MENDOZA
(Reuters Correspondent)

A new luxury hotel resplendent with thick carpets from China and gleaming marble from Portugal has opened in this tiny Portuguese enclave on the Chinese coast—Macao.

It symbolizes the delicate political balance on which Macao's future rests—and a new prosperity following Communist riots in 1966.

Memories of the riots are drowned nowadays in the din of Macao's gambling casinos and dog races and by the thud of pile-drivers at numerous building sites.

Businessmen with bulging briefcases and tourists with a gambler's itch pack the Hong Kong-to-Macao ferries, which feature Parisian striptease shows on board.

The oldest European trading outpost in the Orient, little Macao with a population of 300,000 is attracting big business.

During the recent Chinese New Year festivities, Macao echoed with the sound of exploding firecrackers, once its biggest export. Government employees—taking advantage of the one annual occasion when by tradition they are allowed into the casinos—crowded around the roulette tables.

Gone are the Maoist Red Guard posters which appeared in 1966 as an outgrowth of the Cultural Revolution in neighboring China, which threatened to snuff out the life of old Macao.

Communist propaganda at Chinese bookshops and institutions is no more blatant than in Hong Kong, Chinese Communist flags that fluttered from many houses long after the disturbances have disappeared.

But leftist influences remain strong. It is not long since an American film on the Vietnam war and a documentary on the Apollo 11 moon flight had to be withdrawn by a local theater because of leftist protests.

The return of long-term confidence in

Macao's future is evidenced by a building boom.

The \$7.2 million casino-hotel Lisboa, Macao's first luxury hotel, has opened for business although it will not be completed until July.

The 300-room hotel which serves breakfast with a difference—three eggs instead of two—is owned by the Macao Tourism and Amusements Co., operator of the gambling franchise.

The governor, Brig. Jose Nobre de Carvalho, has given the green light for the construction of Macao's pet dream—a 1.7-mile-long bridge linking the 400-year-old city to the offshore island of Taipa, the nearest of Macao's two island dependencies.

The bridge will bring the prospect of large-scale development to Taipa and the other island of Coloane, which are now linked by a new mile-long causeway. There are plans to build a deep-sea harbor in Coloane capable of handling ships up to 10,000 tons.

Businessmen describe 1969 as Macao's year of export records, with sales topping the 200 million Pataca mark (\$33.6 million) for the first time.

The changing pattern of Macao's trade is shown by the fact that West Germany has replaced Hong Kong as the chief market for Macao's exports—mainly textiles.

However, the bulk of Macao's imports, which last year totaled 360 million Patacas (about \$88.8 million) still come from Hong Kong and China.

The gold trade remains Macao's top revenue earner, although under a new contract the gold monopoly franchise holder will pay the government two million Patacas (about \$265,000) less per year. The revenue for 1970 and 1971 is expected to be seven million Patacas (about \$1.1 million) each year. The volume of the largely secret gold trade has fallen off in recent years.

Tourism, another major money maker, is also booming. □

From The Statesman

SILIGURI—The depredation by wild elephants in tea gardens and paddy fields in the Terai and Dooars areas of Darjeeling and Jalpaiguri districts and the resultant loss in life and property, have created a serious problem. It is believed that there has been a prolific rise in the elephant population, helped by an 1879 act banning the killing of elephants. Also the unprecedented floods in 1968 are said to have greatly disturbed these denizens of the forest, who are now straying into areas previously untrodden by them. The plan to evict these marauding animals from the area with the help of the forest department elephants failed because four of the five departmental elephants fell sick. So far the only protection workers in the gardens have is a police picket.

SRINAGAR—Eight people, including four children, were suffocated when a fire broke out in their home. The fire apparently started on the ground floor. All 16 members of the family on the first floor, who were asleep, were trapped in a huge cloud of smoke. The Fire Brigade men, hearing cries for help, managed to reach the first floor and rescued five children and three adults. The victims included a newly-wed woman who had come from her husband's house only the day before.

GORAKHPUR—Two groups of students exchanged fire near the Gorakhpur University. In all, five shots were stated to have been fired, three by one group and two by the other, but no casualties resulted from the firing. However one student was stabbed and another sustained head injuries when the two groups threw stones. It was reported one group had been, for some time past, objecting to alleged teasing of a girl student by the other group.

SAGAR ISLAND—Over 200,000 pilgrims took the holy dip at Gangasagar on the occasion of Makar Sankranti. This was much below that of last year when 400,000 pilgrims attended the mela. The bus strike was ascribed as the reason for the smaller number as well as the fact that fewer launches were available to bring pilgrims from Namkhana. Bathing started as early as 3 a.m. after which the pilgrims flocked to Kapilmuni's temple where they offered prayers. A pilgrim was killed at Chemaguri when he was run over by a bus carrying pil-

grims. The accident caused suspension of bus and truck services between Sagar and Chemaguri which left thousands of home-bound pilgrims stranded. Four more pilgrims were injured when they fell off the roof of a bus at Chemaguri, and a 60-year-old woman died of exposure during the night. Many pilgrims had to go without drinking water when three of the four deep tubewells went out of order. There was also violence when two groups of Naga sadhus fought among themselves with tridents and sticks, resulting in injuries to a sadhu. The police separated the warring groups and arrested nine.

CALCUTTA—Manga, an old woman belonging to the Ao tribe in Tadubi about 50 km from Kohima betrayed her son's secret and now has all the Army jawans in the area to look after her. She saved an Army convoy by tipping jawans off about a planned ambush by hostile Nagas. She came to know it from her son, who is with the hostile elements. He had mentioned it casually to his mother during one of his secret visits to his native village. Manga has been fed, clothed and looked after by jawans as the convoy passes her hut daily. She is a widow and since the son is away has no one to look after her. Begging is illegal in the area.

MADURAI—A peon of the Madurai municipality has two telephones at his residence and goes about in a posh car. Working in the engineering department of the municipality for the last 15 years, the peon has also several houses in the town. The municipal council chairman, who revealed this to reporters, said he found the peon taking food at an expensive hotel at Coimbatore recently. He said "I found on my return to Madurai the peon had been cornering all big contracts of the engineering department of the municipality." The peon has now been transferred to another department in the municipality.

SHILLONG—The general trend of the cooperative farming movement in Assam is not encouraging. It has become obvious that the movement has achieved very little. After initial enthusiasm, the people have become disinterested and disillusioned and in many instances, societies have become defunct. These were the conclusions about cooperative farming in Assam reached by the Agro-Economic Research Centre. The study report stressed that there should be a new approach to the whole problem. One notable feature was that the movement is confined to the backward section mainly and either it has failed to have any impact on the enlightened section of the people or no attempt has been made to bring them into its fold.

Tales of CBI

BY CLYDE H. COWAN

BIG SHOW CALLED "THE C.B.I."

This doddering oldster sporadically sandpapers the surface of his memory in search of mental notes, made illegible by the oxidation of Time. Contained herein, are uncovered recollections of the Big Show called "The C.B.I.". It has been a quarter-century since the cast was dismissed and the scenery hauled away to the Warehouse of Time.

"Billie's Cafe" in General Cheeves' City of Kunming, and the quaint aroma of chicken fried rice. Counterfeiting official forms to procure petrol for the motorcycle that we (Postal Technicians) "found" one dark cloudy eventide. A dental chair festivity in humid August and my eyes smarting, while bathed in perspiration from the good doctor's forehead.

Admiring the ad libs of a lad named Marion Moore, aptly known as the "Tea Patch Bob Hope". Same Thespian peddles his wares under title of Del Moore, now-a-days. Postal Officers Giff, Wagenbargh, and O'Reilly, Hello! wherever you are! Our rusty arsenal of weapons in Chungking, and did my side arm ever show up? British Music Hall presentations at the B.E.S.A. Show House in Old Calcutta, but keep away from Lasies, unless your Cockney accent is natural.

Plump Red Cross Gal referring to herself as "Miss Lister Bag of 1944". Local wireless station in Humidity House. Favorite announcers: Stu Baker, Gene Kelley and Gene Sayette. The latter wrote a classic about "Behavior at Victor George". It is in one of your old Ex-CBI Roundups. Drinking eight Cokes without coming up for oxygen, at the Red Cross Club, after a thirsty rail trip from Kanchrapara. Remember the "Lime Squash" at same location?

Conversing with General Cranston, through corner of mouth, a la Jimmy Cagney, while sorting letters at A.P.O. Freezing at attention when stars on his collar came within scope of my optics. Amused General neutralized situation by scratching my back and complimenting our mail service.

Fountain of Youth: The Tired Blood Platoon of A.P.O. 629 forced to play volley ball. Entire project made voluntary same day after two turned ankles and much evidence of over exertion by us senile oldsters. What longfooted T/5 sat on a tube of mimeo-ink and splatter-

ed Col. Shaw's brand new Jeep? This Theater Adjutant laughed it off, after listening to my lengthy explanation.

Last paragraph and Good Guy Dept.: Favorite writer in Ex-CBI Roundup, Richard A. Welfle, S. J. Unlike a Rembrandt, who uses the rainbow of colors and their blends, this gifted Padre paints a word picture of his memoirs, using the reader's imagination for a canvas. These artistic triumphs reflect his life of service as he has lived it. □



From The Statesman

DUM DUM—The Union Minister of Civil Aviation and Tourism inaugurated the Rs 2-score new international terminal building at Dum Dum. The Minister said that Calcutta was the first international airport terminal equipped to meet the technological challenge in aviation of the 70's. India, he said, was the first country where a 15-year three-phased program of development in aviation had been drawn up. It was reported that tourist traffic had increased by 30% during 1969 as compared to 12% in 1968. Development in aviation was necessary for rapid growth of tourist traffic and an excellent air service was not a luxury but a necessity for this growth, he added.

JAIPUR—At least one million people in the state of Rajasthan suffered from the flu with over 200 people reported dead of the disease. The state government deployed several teams of medical officers to tour the worst-hit areas which consist of Jalore, Barmer, Jaisalmer, Jodhpur and Bikaner.

BOMBAY—Manufacturers of electrical equipment fear that there will be a power famine in India by 1974, if the government does not indicate and fulfill higher targets of power generation. They feel that the planning commission's target of 22 million KW by 1973-74 will prove extremely low against an estimated demand of 26 to 27 million KW. In such an eventuality, programs for industrial development, rural electrification and lift irrigation and for the energizing of 1.2 million pump sets would remain just a dream. It is true that some states like Mysore and Madhya Pradesh have surplus power now, but when the proposed inter-gridding of all states is completed, the shortage will be spread all over the country.

For Neglected Chinese Wives—Mahjongg

BY CINDY ADAMS

(North American Newspaper Alliance)

"We Chinese ladies have a saying," says the beautiful 42-year-old woman in the tight fitting cheongsam. "When the men get older the mahjongg game gets longer."

My years in and out of Hong Kong, Taiwan and the heavily Chinese areas of Singapore, Kuala Lumpur and Indonesia have taught me that, to the upper middle class Chinese housewife, mahjongg is not a game, it's a necessity.

A recent discussion with four Chinese ladies on four occasions illuminated the major role the ivory tiles play in their lives.

One of them, Mrs. Leung, explains, "A Chinese woman's big protection from growing old is not to do anything. We play mahjongg or tell our amah what to do. Even the poor ladies have still poorer amahs. Mahjongg is the Chinese lady's outlet," she said.

Mrs. Leung lives with her husband in a five-room apartment 10 minutes from down-town Kowloon. The rent is about \$135 a month in American money. The live-in amah gets \$50 a month. (Ten years ago it was only \$12 a month.) Labor costs are rising, while executive salaries are not.

Although Mr. Leung is a modest salaried man with three children, his wife, like all her friends, spends her afternoons gambling.

"My wife, like most Chinese ladies, can't even cook," smiles Mr. Leung. "Since the riots of 1968 some are learning, because they might have to move away and they must know how to cook their native dishes. But even that must be sandwiched in between mahjongg sessions."

"All Chinese women play mahjongg every day," explains another friend, Mrs. Kitty Chan, whose husband, Eddie, is a cameraman.

"Chinese ladies accept the fact that most husbands cheat. The occasional fling we don't even think about. It is only the mistresses or concubines we think about."

"Even though a new law has been passed that a concubine is not a lawful heir to your husband's estate it still does not help because now they insist that the husbands give it to them before they pass on!"

I asked the difference between a concubine and a mistress. She told me, "A mistress is someone you pretend you don't know about. A concubine is someone you know about. Most Chinese ladies pretend they are unaware of such devel-

opments because this way the other woman does not gain stature and nobody loses face.

"If you bring it out in the open then your husband has no need of even keeping up appearances. Often he won't even bother to come home after that. That's why Chinese ladies play mahjongg."

Ask how that makes for mahjongg and you're told, "it is therapy. You must use your brain to play and that takes your mind off your problems. You get together with your good friends and you unburden your unhappiness. It is not shameful or embarrassing because many others are in the same situation."

"In olden days men had to be very rich for this. Today even the middle classes have such minor wives. And so, you play mahjongg with your close friends, and they comfort you."

"Years back my countrymen were stoics," explains Kitty, whose relationship with her husband is one of the rare close ones I've seen in this part of the world. "They kept everything to themselves. They held it all in."

"The result is they died early. Today's women tell their friends and are emotionally released. And so, right after lunch we begin the game and we play on sometimes through the night breaking only for tea and dinner. Mahjongg keeps us out of trouble."

I asked another acquaintance, a beautiful wife and mother originally from Shanghai: "And just how do these little ivory tiles keep you out of trouble?" She replied, "We don't look for men like American ladies in their 40's do. We know that a man won't sweep us off our feet when we reach that age."

"We also know that a husband needs much sex in his 20's but the woman needs it in her 40's which is when he's off trying it with another girl who is still in her 20's. So, we Chinese ladies have a saying: 'Start the game early and play late and forget the men.'"

"For us, mahjongg is a salvation."

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Honoring the Dead

● Olivet Memorial Park in San Francisco has set aside the week of October 5-11, 1970, to honor all our departed comrades from the CBI theater. The 24th anniversary of the death of General Joseph Stilwell will be observed with a special service on Sunday, October 11, at 4 p.m. Everyone is invited to attend this memorial service.

RAY KIRKPATRICK,
San Francisco, Calif.

Started in 1946

● Have just finished reading my last issue, and got to wondering how many of the original subscribers still take the Roundup. Who would ever have believed that the mimeographed sheets Clarence Gordon first sent out in 1946 would continue for this length of time!

CHARLES MONDHAN,
Anacortes, Wash.

Bombay to Calcutta

● Would be interested in corresponding with members of the 931st Signal Battalion and members of the 2nd Air Command Group who participated in the railroad trip, Bombay to Calcutta, in November 1944.

ROBERT S. DRAKE,
Colonel (Ret), PSAF,
Page Communications
Engineers,
APO San Francisco 96309

Howard Harris

● We have just learned that one of our active members in the Dallas Basha, CBIVA, died of a heart attack. He is Howard Harris of Garland, Tex. Howard was very active and never missed one of our monthly meetings. It is sad indeed to lose members this way; but as the Chinese say, "Life is just a journey, death is a going home."

JOE K. SHOLDEN,
Dallas, Texas

1st Troop Carrier

● A reunion is in the planning stages and I need input on former members.

JULY, 1970

Please drop me a card with all known names and addresses. Complete roster will be provided each response.

ORVILLE D. HEGSETH,
1005 Oakfield Lane,
Wilmington, Del. 19803

Forgotten War

● Received the Roundup this morning, and it is its usual excellence. Was reflecting over the morning coffee: Our kids don't even know what went on in WW2. History gives it a few lines. You mention Wedemeyer, Stratemeyer, Imphal or Chennault and they look at you blankly. Somebody has failed to impress upon them what was involved in that war.

OLIVER BORLAUG,
Washburn, N. D.

Enjoys Magazine

● Can't tell you how much I enjoy Ex-CBI Roundup—and I certainly realize how much work goes into getting out every issue.

WALDON PORTERFIELD,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Kanchrapara Last

● Served in the CBI and was last stationed at the 3rd Replacement Depot, Kanchrapara, India. Glenn W. Schmidt, former personnel sergeant at Kanchrapara, now an attorney with Kirkland, Ellis, Hodson, Chaffetz and Masters, located at Prudential Plaza, Chicago, Ill., made me acquainted with your magazine.

ROBERT C. TUGMAN,
Canandaigua, N.Y.

Heads Legion

● Arnold Stockstad of the Farmers Home Administration in Washburn, N.D., has just completed his year as North Dakota Department Commander of the American Legion. He also retired several months ago from the Army Reserve, with the rank of lieutenant colonel. During World War II he served in the CBI area.

(From an article in the Washburn, N.D., Leader sent in by Oliver Borlaug of Washburn.)



THE GOOD LIFE at Misamari, India, is illustrated in this 1945 photo by Joe Burkard.

To The Editors

Cold Coca Cola

● In December 1943, after 40 days on a troopship, we landed at Bombay, India. We camped in tents under a scorching sun for a few days before going on to our next post. While we were there the native Indians came around selling bananas, oranges and various services. They did quite a profitable business with the GI's who were willing to spend their cash. One day a voice outside the tents was heard calling, "Ice cold Coca-Cola! Ice cold Coca-Cola!" Immediately the tents emptied out, with hopes of buying a cold Coke. But when the GI's came closer the native quickly switched to "Tea! Tea! Tea!" It seems one of our men noticed the poor fellow wasn't doing so well on the hot day so told the native to yell, "Ice cold Coca-Cola!" It sure got the GI's and their money out of the tents, but I don't think it sold any tea.

LARRY KEMP,
Darien, Conn.

Picnic Planned

● At their spring meeting in Ames in May, members of the Iowa Basha, CBIVA, voted to have their second fall picnic at Freddy's Beach at Delhi, Iowa, the weekend of Sept. 19-20. More than 100 attended the



THREE little Indians—"one a boy for sure." Photo by George W. Dunbar.

first picnic last September at this place, which is owned by CBier Fred Thomas of the Marine Corps. Delhi is 45 miles west of Dubuque. Since many Iowans will travel as far to attend as CBI vets who live in Chicago or Milwaukee, an invitation is extended to the sahibs in the Windy City and the Beer Capitol to come to Iowa for this event.

RAY ALDERSON,
1397 Delhi Street,
Dubuque, Iowa

30th Station Hospital

● As Doris Jacobs, was an Army Nurse in CBI—30th Station Hospital at Karachi. DORIS JACOBSON, R.N., Woonsocket, R.I.

Arnold H. Myhra

● Arnold H. Myhra passed away January 15, 1970. For the past 24 years he had practiced law at Colfax and Newton, Iowa, and for six years he served as Jasper county attorney. During the time he spent in the CBI theater he served with the 8th Reconnaissance Group as an interpretation officer of the PTS of the 8th Photo Group, stationed in Burma. Over the years he has enjoyed reading Ex-CBI Roundup, and it is with sadness that I cancel our subscription.

JEANE E. MYHRA,
Colfax, Iowa

Texas Department

● The Department of Texas, CBIVA, headed by Commander R. C. Jones of Houston, held the first official state board meeting in Houston Saturday afternoon, April 25, in conjunction with the Houston Basha's April dinner dance meeting held that same evening at the International Club of the Shamrock Hilton Hotel. National Commander Ray Kirkpatrick of San Francisco, and his wife Mary, were among those present. Several couples from Dallas were on hand for the weekend festivities.

DOUG RUNK
Houston, Tex.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



HOOGLY River, "too thick to drink, too thin to plow", with native boats. Photo by Norman S. Collard.



MEMBERS of 396th Air Service Squadron, 12th Air Service Group, enjoy shower at Kweilin, China. Photo by R. M. "Doc" Kriewitz.

Roundup File

● Am ready to move out of town and am willing to give away all my copies of Ex-CBI Roundup to someone living in the Chicago area (southeast side) who will pick them up in person. No mailing, please. First come, first served.

EDWIN L. BROOKS,
9731 S. Brennan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Arnold McGillivray

● Arnold C. McGillivray, 49, general manager of the San Francisco store of Abercrombie & Fitch Co., died April 7, 1970, after a brief illness. A native of Ritzville, Wash., and a graduate of Washington State University, he served as a corporal and flight engineer in ATC, India-China Division, during World War II. His wife survives.

(From a San Francisco Chronicle item sent in by Ray Kirkpatrick, San Francisco, Calif.)

124th Cavalry

● Spent three years in the 124th Cavalry—going across on the General Butner from California to Australia, then to Bombay and Ranchi and on into Burma. Walked down over the hills to Lashio, then flew over the Hump to Yunnanyi west of

Kunming, then on to Kweiyang in central China, and finally to Shanghai when the war was over. Came home on the USS Hocking Valley, named for Hocking Valley, Ohio, a place about 100 miles from my home.

WILLIAM E. CARPENTER,
Shadyside, Ohio

Merlin Jungers

● Merlin Jungers, 46, of Dubuque, Iowa, died May 20, 1970. He served two years in CBI with the 209th Engineers on the Ledo Road.

RAY ALDERSON,
Dubuque, Iowa

Death of Maharaja

● My friend Jai, the Maharaja of Jaipur, has answered the last call. He collapsed while playing polo at Cirencester, England. He died with his boots on; that's how he would have liked to go, as he loved to play polo. He was considered one of the best polo players in the world. He also had a graceful and magnetic personality.

JAMES A. DEARBENEYNE,
Rockwell City, Iowa

Newspaper reports refer to Colonel Dearbeyne's friend, whom he wrote about in the July 1969 issue of Ex-CBI Roundup, as "a jet-set maharaja, worshiped as a living god even after he surrendered control of one of India's richest states in 1947." He was cremated last month with full military honors in Jaipur. "His body wrapped in red in an open coffin," one news item said, "was borne through the streets in a procession with camels, elephants and military chariots."

With Anticipation

● Look forward to Roundup's arrival with more anticipation than any other publication I receive.

JOHN E. CHAPMAN,
Sioux Falls, S.D.



SCHOLAR (center) is shown reading paper at Yen-an, China, for illiterate coolies. Photo by Col. W. J. Peterkin.



Commander's Message

by

Raymond W. Kirkpatrick

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Salaams:

Time has surely marched on for this is the tenth and final Commander's Message for our CBIVA year. I believe it has been a good year for the organization, thanks to the cooperation and efforts of a great many members along with our official family.

Any organization such as ours can never be any better than its secretarial staff. Adjutant-Finance Officer Russell Kopplin and his assistant, Mary Kopplin, do the job in a smooth, efficient manner. And, it has been a special privilege to have become acquainted with their gracious family. Thank you Mary, thank you Russ.

An expression of appreciation is due Vera Seder's gratuitous services as the commander's secretary. Her counsel regarding unfamiliar problems has been most helpful. Thank you Vera.

Two publications are the lifeline of the CBIVA. The "Soundoff" edited by Ben Davies calls for a big thank you Ben. We are so grateful for the work of Neil and Grace Maurer. Ex-CBI Roundup speaks well for itself. Thank you Neil, thank you Grace.

Our new membership goal of 100 has been passed as application number 101 was received by the adjutant on May 27, 1970. It is possible that the 125 mark will be reached by the closing session of the coming Tulsa Reunion.

This has been the work of many members in addition to national officers and the membership committee. A large share of the credit belongs to our new fine Colorado Basha. Good ground work

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup or vice versa.—Ed.

has been laid for future bashas in Texas and the Los Angeles area.

Each basha is urged to obtain a copy of the 2,000 prospective members list that has been compiled by Vice Commander East Bob Thomas. It is catalogued by states and alphabetically. Thank you Bob.

It has been an interesting experience watching the work of the Tulsa Basha reunion committees. The site of each separate reunion brings out special local community problems that are completely unfamiliar to outsiders. They have carried on their job with dignity and excellence. Their perception has certainly won my admiration and respect. The Tulsa Basha is a real asset to the CBIVA.

The Fairmont Mayo is truly one of the fine hotels in this country today. You will enjoy it, I am sure. My special thanks to Douglas Runk of Houston for many hours that he freely gave to helping the 1970 reunion committee. The CBIVA has always been so fortunate that such folks are so willing to step in and lend a hand.

During the year I covered as much territory as my job would permit. I had planned to get to the East Coast but I guess it was not meant to be. There as elsewhere in the country I have always found CBI folks to be so cordial and friendly. A vote of thanks is due to Milwaukee, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Tulsa and Denver for the receptions Mary and myself have received. They are each fine bashas.

The many basha news letters have been instructive and appreciated, coming from all sections of the country.

For the hundreds of personal letters and cards that Mary and myself have received since Vail Reunion time our thanks.

And it is just as I stated at the installation during the Vail Reunion, the China-Burma-India Theater of World War Two did produce a very special breed of veteran, one that knows how to run his organization in a real true fraternal spirit of good fellowship. It has been a privilege to have both served my country in that CBI Theater and our organization itself. God willing may it be carried on for years and years to come.

That's "thirty" for this commander's messages.

RAY KIRKPATRICK

**Be Sure to Notify Roundup
When You Change Address.**

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



WEALTHY Chinese rides in style in chair carried by coolies. Photo by R. M. "Doc" Kriewitz.

Thinking of India

● Still enjoy receiving the mag and reading about the India of today. I find myself thinking about the place although it has been 24 years since I left. Keep on doing your usual good job.

ROCCO PERNETTI,
Los Banos, Calif.

51st Service Group

● Served in the CBI from 1944 to 1946 for 21 months with the 59th Air Service Squadron, 51st Air Service Group. I enjoy reading Ex-CBI Roundup.

METRO WYDA,
Hudson, N.Y.

Incidents, Memories

● Thanks for keeping the Ex-CBI Roundup alive and interesting. Each issue helps bring back the quarter century old incidents and memories.

ROBERT SULLIVAN,
Panama, Iowa

Finds 490 Veterans

● Scanned my first Roundup about a year ago, anxiously seeking news of old 490th Bomb Squadron buddies. Arrived Karachi July 1942 abroad the Santa Paula, served as ordnance crew chief (in Kermatola most of the time). Left Bombay in

December 1944 aboard USS Anderson via Pacific to complete my trip around the world. Last year I attended my first CBI reunion at Vail, and found two ex-490 veterans. This year we here in Tulsa are host to CBI and we are working hard to make it a memorable reunion. Hope to see everyone then.

IVO R. GREENWELL,
Tulsa, Okla.

General's Stars

● By now I presume everyone has seen Brig. Gen. Anna Mae Hayes, chief of the Army nurses since 1967, being kissed by General Westmoreland as he pinned on her Brigadier General stars. I saw it on Huntley-Brinkley and Cronkhite. What really stood out was her CBI shoulder patch. I have written her a congratulatory letter on behalf of our national association, as I am sure many of us have.

CHUCK MITCHELL,
Treasure Island, Fla.

Aviation Engineers

● Served with H & S Company, 930 Aviation Engineers in China, Burma and India from February 1944 through December 1945.

ELDIN T. GUIDROZ,
Raceland, La.

383rd Service Group

● Went to CBI with the 599th Air Engineering Squadron, 383rd Air Service Group. Now with Grumman Aerospace Corporation as a technician in the National Test Laboratory.

WALTER PYTLOWANY,
Hicksville, L.I., N.Y.



AMERICAN soldier takes buffalo ride as Chinese farmer stands guard. Photo by R. M. "Doc" Kriewitz.

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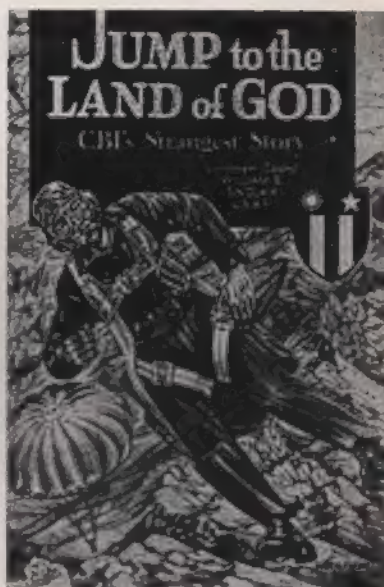
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Boyd Sinclair is well known to Ex-CBI Roundup readers . . . for many years he edited the Book Review section in this magazine. He is a former editor of the original CBI Roundup and also was with the 12th Air Service Group, 14th Air Force.

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